

THE RICH YOUNG LADY.

From the French of Jean Macé.



HERE was, once upon a time, a little girl who was very rich: very *very* rich indeed. Nothing short of some dire calamity could prevent her having servants, carriages, and fine clothes, as many as she wanted, all her life long. Ill luck does overtake people unexpectedly sometimes, it is true; but I should like any one to tell me what is the good of troubling oneself about it beforehand. There is always time enough to sit and think it over when the misfortune has actually come.

She was rather idle, this rich young lady, and it scarcely amused her exactly to have to learn what other little girls of her age were taught.

"Shall you ever have to earn your livelihood by all that?" said an old nurse to her one day. Nurse knew nothing herself but how to spoil the child.

And the young lady found the argument so sound, that she yawned henceforth over her books without one misgiving of conscience, and preferred being weary of doing nothing to tiring herself with work. There is certainly no accounting for tastes.

One day, when she had been advised not to eat too much of a certain dish which she was very fond of, because it might in the long run injure her digestion and cause her discomfort for the rest of her life—

"Parcel of nonsense—let them talk," cried the good old nurse, in a sort of affectionate indignation. "What does it signify to you about injuring your digestion? You will always be rich enough to afford a doctor."

This reasoning did not seem quite so satisfactory as the last, and our young lady pouted a little. Still greediness prevailing, she passed it over and ate without stint of the dangerous food.

Another day her mamma found great fault because she had been stooping instead of holding herself upright, which, as everybody knows, is apt to spoil the figure and may even lead to deformity. So little miss went grumbling to her nurse.

"A pretty misfortune indeed, my dear!" cried she. "Even if you should be a little humpbacked, will not your dowry be always large enough to secure you a husband?"

This time the little girl pulled a long face in good earnest. And thus she began to reflect within herself, that it would be quite a misfortune to be rich if it was to lead to one's becoming ugly, ruining one's health, and remaining ignorant for the rest of one's life.

EDITOR.

MAUDE'S DISCIPLINE.

PART II.



LD Mary was groaning in her bed when they arrived at the cottage. "Eh! Miss Agnes," she said, "but it's hard to bear lying here alone with none but the lass Elsie." Agnes delivered her message and dispensed the wine, and then stayed to read a chapter to the old woman till Freddy became impatient, and shouted to her through the window to "make haste." She did not wish to overtake her cousin, with whom she still felt sore and angry, and was glad to while away the time with what gave her some self-complacency. It was past five when she left old Mary, and a heavy fog was rising from the mere and hung in wreaths on the hill side: the course of the stream on either side was marked by a line of white mist, and the air was raw and full of moisture.

"How late you are," exclaimed Freddy as he joined his sister. "It will be dark before we get home."

"No it won't," said Agnes; "the sun doesn't set till nearly six, and I heard Mary's clock strike five. What a fog though!" she added, looking about her; "let us make haste off the moor before it gets thicker," and she set off running.

Freddy scampered after her as fast as his legs would carry him, and Toby barked and enjoyed the fun; they scampered across the stream, but before they had reached the end of the lane, Freddy and Toby stopped short. "Aggie! Agnes!" he shouted, "stop." Agnes reluctantly turned. "What, are you out of breath already?" she said.

"No, but hark! didn't you hear some one call?" he said, looking puzzled.

"No; nonsense," replied his sister.

Toby ran back and pricked his ears. "I thought I heard some one say 'Agnes,' quite plain," said the little boy. "It couldn't have been Maude, could it?" he added, more doubtfully.

"Nonsense, Freddy, come along; how absurd you are; as if Maude wasn't safe over her book by the fire, long before this. Come:" and she turned and again began to run down the hill. After running a little way she looked back; Freddy was close behind her, but Toby had

disappeared. She waited till Freddy overtook her; he also looked back. "Where's Toby?" he said.

"Hunting rabbits, I've no doubt," replied his sister. "He'll come home all safe; that's an old trick of his."

"I wish I felt sure no one called," said Freddy, as they walked on.

"Freddy, you're a silly boy," replied Agnes; and he said no more.

At the rectory gate they met their father. "Well, young folks," he said, "I heard where you were gone, and I was coming to meet you. How is old Mary? did you tell her I would go up to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, papa," said Agnes, "and we took her some wine from mamma; she is very ill, I think, but she seemed pleased to see me."

"What have you done with Maude?" asked Mr. Wilmot; "I was told she went with you."

"So she did, papa," replied Agnes, colouring, "but she didn't like it, and came home."

"Oh! you quarrelled, did you?" said her father. "Well, run in now, I'm glad you are all in: I never saw a thicker fog on the moor: we shall have a white frost to-morrow;" and he walked away to the stables with Freddy at his heels.

Agnes looked into the schoolroom before going up stairs: it was empty, and the fire had gone out; Maude's books lay untouched upon the table. "She's sulky," thought Agnes, and went up stairs to her mother's room.

"Is your head better, mamma?" she asked as she entered.

"Yes, thank you, dear, much better," replied Mrs. Wilmot.

"I'm very glad you are at home though, papa says there is such a thick fog. How is old Mary?"

"No better; she was very grateful for the wine," said Agnes.

"Poor old creature! she has not many comforts," observed Mrs. Wilmot, "and her cottage is always so dirty. Did Maude go in?"

"No, mamma; Maude turned back before we got there." Agnes paused, then added, "She is so cross to-day."

"What have you done to make her so, Aggie? I always suspect, when I hear of disagreement, that there is some fault on both sides; but, my dear," continued her mother quickly, "you did not walk there and back alone, did you? that is against the law."

"No, mamma, Freddy was with me," answered Agnes. "There is

the bell for dressing:" and glad to escape further questioning, Agnes hurried away.

A knock came at the door just as she was dressed. There's Maude, she thought; she can't get on without my help after all; she may wait. "I'll come presently," she called out; "I can't let you in." She stayed longer in her room arranging and putting away: the knock was repeated. "What's the matter? what do you want? How impatient you are, Maude," she said, moving slowly to the door.

"It's me, miss," said Martha's voice. Agnes opened the door at once.

"If you please, Miss Agnes, is Miss Maude here?"

"Maude? no; isn't she in her room?" asked Agnes.

"No, miss; she's not there, for I've been twice to look for her: did she leave her walking things, here, miss?"

"No," said Agnes, looking round with a vague feeling of something wrong; "she came home before us, and I haven't seen her since."

"But don't you know where she is, miss?" said Martha, looking at her incredulously.

"No, I don't indeed," answered Agnes. Martha said not a word, but knocked at her mistress's door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, as she opened the door, "I can't find Miss Trevillian anywhere. Miss Agnes haven't seen her, nor no one else, and I don't think she's been in since she went out; I can't find her hat nor nothing."

"Where is Miss Agnes?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

Agnes pushed by Martha and stood before her mother.

"Agnes," said Mrs. Wilmot, "what is the meaning of all this? where is Maude?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, mamma," said Agnes.

"But, my dear Agnes," said her mother, rising, "this is a very serious matter; when did you see her last?"

"When she turned back, out walking," faltered Agnes.

"Where was that?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"At the stepping-stones;" then as her mother's anxious face assumed a look of unwonted severity, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I couldn't help it, mamma; indeed it wasn't my fault."

"She must have missed her way if she is not in the house," said Mrs. Wilmot, and she hurried down stairs. Martha spoke first.

"I lay she's got down to the quarry," she said. "I suppose you

told her of that path where blind Sam got killed, didn't you, Miss Agnes?"

"No," sobbed Agnes.

"And yet she left you close by? It'll be a mercy if she don't break her neck;" and Martha hastened away to spread the news.

Mrs. Wilmot returned to her daughter in a few minutes. "Agnes," she asked, "did you caution Maude about that first turning?"

"No, mamma."

"Agnes," shouted her father's voice, "come here."

Agnes went down stairs; her father was in the hall with a lantern in his hand, and a great-coat on; George, the out-door man, stood by the open front door; it was nearly dark.

"Agnes," said Mr. Wilmot—and his voice sounded very stern—"where did your cousin leave you?"

"At the stepping-stones."

"Why?"

"Because she didn't like to cross."

"Why?"

"She was afraid."

"Who was with you?"

"Freddy."

"Why did you not send Freddy back with her?"

"She said she could find her own way—she—we—I didn't think of it;" and Agnes burst out crying again.

"Don't cry—listen to me," said her father; "did you tell her of that dangerous path to the quarry?"

"No, papa."

"And yet you knew there had been two accidents there lately." Agnes made no reply.

"Did you forget it?"

"No, papa."

"And yet you did not tell her—why?"

"She was cross—I was vexed. I didn't mean any harm. Oh! papa, I didn't mean any harm indeed!"

"Go to your room, Agnes," said Mr. Wilmot; "if any harm comes to your cousin you'll have much to answer for;" and he went out, closing the door behind him.

Agnes obeyed: she was very miserable. Mrs. Wilmot desired

Martha to light a fire in Maude's room, and arrange everything that could be wanted in case of an accident, and then went down stairs to her younger children; she found both crying. May had vainly endeavoured to comfort her brother, but had succumbed to tears herself.

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Freddy from the corner, "I did want Aggie to turn back; I thought it was Maude, and I said so, but she said I was silly, and—and papa's so angry with me for not telling—but I forgot it all when I came in. Oh dear! I am so sorry."

"I don't think papa is very angry with you, Freddy," said his mother, soothingly; "you are only a little boy, and you could not make Agnes act differently. Now jump up and have your tea, and May too."

The children obeyed, subdued and silent, and Mrs. Wilmot sat and gazed in the fire and listened for every sound. Seven o'clock struck—the children went to bed. Eight o'clock, and still Mrs. Wilmot sat there. Many thoughts passed through her mind. Had she been wise in taking the responsibility of a girl like Maude, so proud and high-spirited and selfish, and yet so reserved and silent, and different from her own child? Had it been good for either? Would it not be wisest now to send Maude home before Mrs. Trevillian began to complain of the severity of Westthorpe discipline, or accused her of making a difference between the girls; and then, above all, rose a dread for Maude's safety—and the thought of her brother a ruined man, bereft through her carelessness of his only girl—or Maude might be injured—might be a care and anxiety for years, and how would her parents bear that; in their present trouble they needed no additional anxiety.

These thoughts and others like them filled her mind when she heard footsteps passing the window. She sprang up and flew to the hall door.

Her husband entered, with his rough coat all silvered with mist, and dewdrops hanging from his hair and beard.

"We've found her there," he said. "I'm afraid she's a good deal hurt though: George is gone for Grey: I came on, for I thought you'd be frightened. I hope and believe there's no dangerous mischief; it's a mercy it wasn't worse. The ground gave way as usual, and she went down some fifteen feet, and then stopped on a ledge of rock where she had no room to turn, expecting every moment, as she said, to go to the bottom of the quarry."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilmot, "how dreadful!"

An hour or two later found Maude safe in her bed: she had broken her collar bone, and been very much shaken, but Dr. Grey said that there was not, as far as he could ascertain, any cause for further alarm. He advised that the patient should be kept as quiet as possible, and took his leave, promising to call next day.

"Aunt Kate," said a low voice, as Mrs. Wilmot lay down on a sofa she had wheeled into her niece's room, "you had a headache in the morning, I'm afraid I've made it worse."

"Hush, dear Maude," replied her aunt; "it's better, thank you."

"One word more, Aunt Kate, please. Will you tell Aggie I'm not much hurt, and I'm sorry I vexed her—that's all?"

Mrs. Wilmot rose up, bent over her niece and kissed her, and then went to deliver her message.

"I don't know what it's all about, Agnes," she said, as she left her, "I must hear to-morrow; but this I know, that Maude might have been killed; and how would you have felt when you met her parents?"

Next day Agnes told her mother all.

"She didn't like coming out," she said, "and I made her because you said I mightn't go by myself; then she was silly, at least I thought she was, about Toby coming; and she was cross when he dirtied her dress with his paws; and then she said I would give up anything to have my own way; and then she wouldn't cross the stepping-stones."

"Was that all, Agnes?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, that was all," was the reply.

"Then indeed, Agnes, I think you were most to blame," replied Mrs. Wilmot. "Maude is your guest; you broke the laws of hospitality. Where was your consideration when you urged her to go out?"

"But, mamma, old Mary," pleaded Agnes.

"My dear," replied her mother, earnestly, "never put a work of charity in the place of a simple duty; you will always find self at the bottom of that: why did you take Toby when she did not like it?"

"Because I thought she was silly," said Agnes.

"Was that the way to make her wiser? Oh, Agnes, self—self—self!"

"She shouldn't have spoken as she did though," said Agnes, warming at the remembrance of her wrongs.

"What, when she said you liked your own way? But, Aggie, isn't it true? What is all you have told me but proof that you liked it, and more, that you were determined to have it without the smallest consideration for your cousin?" Agnes was silent, and her mother continued: "If this gives you a lesson, Aggie, I shall never regret it: you want sadly to learn consideration, and self-denial, and patience."

"Aunt Kate," said Maude, a few evenings after this, "how very good you are to me!"

"My dear child," replied her aunt, "it is a pleasure to me to do what I can for you; I love you dearly, and I love your father better still."

Maude closed her eyes, and a large tear slowly trickled from the long silken lashes. "Aunt Kate, I do love you; I hope you don't think I don't; I can never, never repay all your love and kindness to me since I came to Westthorpe."

Aunt Kate had tears in her own eyes as she said, "Yes you can, Maude, by being happy, and loving, and unselfish."

"Unselfish!" said Maude, smiling, "ah! that is at the root of all my troubles. If I hadn't been so horridly selfish myself, I shouldn't have thought Aggie so."

"I think you are right, dear Maude; and so it is in everything: if we wish other people's faults not to vex us, we must conquer our own."

Maude was silent for a short time, and then said, "Papa will take me away, I am afraid, and I don't at all want to go: I hope he won't."

"I don't think Dr. Grey will let you go just yet, Maudie," replied her aunt; "but we must not forget mamma, must we?"

"Oh no!" said Maude quickly, adding, "but mamma is so often ill, and she never talks to me as you do."

"My dear Maude," said Mrs. Wilmot, "remember that your mother's life has for many years been a very trying one; perhaps her unselfish wish to spare you the knowledge of anxiety and trouble which you were too young rightly to appreciate may sometimes have made her silent to you when she was all the time longing for sympathy, and had no one to whom she could confide her dread of the future."

"She might have trusted me," exclaimed Maude.

"Perhaps so; but one cannot tell, Maude; you are apt to overrate your own powers of endurance;" and Mrs. Wilmot smiled.

"Aunt Kate," said Maude, after a short silence, "I want to learn to be unselfish; how can I?"

"By consideration for other people; efforts to save trouble; forbearance and leniency towards the faults of others; watchfulness and severity against your own; above all, earnest, prayerful endeavours to take Him for your example Whose life was lived, and death was died, not for Himself, but for an ungrateful world." Then there was a pause.

"Thank you, Aunt Kate," said Maude; "I will think of that." She hesitated a moment, and then said, "But do *you* never find some people much harder to get on with than others?"

"Every one does sometimes, I think," replied her aunt; "generally, if our faults and another's clash, often from pure prejudice."

"Like mine against Toby," said Maude, laughing; "poor old Toby! he was my best friend, after all, for he heard me call when the others went on, and stayed with me till uncle came."

"Very true, Maude; and even from that trifle you may learn a lesson: never let a person's want of refinement make you act or feel unkindly towards them; rather win them by your gentleness and courtesy, and remember that though a rough exterior is, I admit, a great disadvantage, and sometimes a fault, it often hides a warm, true heart, that may stand us in good stead some day, when mere worldly friends hold aloof."

Maude recovered rapidly, and as she gradually returned to her every-day life, her conduct plainly showed that her time for reflection had not been lost upon her.

Agnes was shy and uncomfortable with her at first, but it gradually passed away, and the two girls became far better friends for the accident. Not that they always agreed perfectly; their dispositions were too unlike, and their tastes nearly opposite; but both were learning forbearance, and in this as well as in ready courtesy, Maude bid fair to outstrip her cousin.

And now my story is nearly done. The first week in December took Maude back to her parents. She was sorry to leave Westthorpe and her cousins, and hung round Aunt Kate's neck as if she could not tear herself away.

"I never saw a girl so improved as Maude in so short a time," observed Mr. Wilmot to his wife, on his return from taking Maude to

the station. "I do not know what you have done to her, Kate, but I think her parents should thank you."

"Maude's own warm heart, and good sense, have been her best friends," was the smiling reply.

Mr. Wilmot looked up from his newspaper with a comical face. "As Aggie's not in the room," he said, "I am inclined to think her tumble into the quarry was the best of all."

It is Christmas Eve, and the sleet and rain are driving furiously against the drawing-room window of a small house in the neighbourhood of London; but within all is glow and comfort. A tall, grey-haired man is standing by the blazing fire, while a younger one, of soldierly aspect, sits at the head of the sofa on which reclines our first acquaintance, Mrs. Trevillian, pale and thin, as if from a severe illness, but with a happy, peaceful expression. Maude is sitting on the hearthrug at her feet, with a sunny light in her eyes, and a smile on her lips that reminds us of Aunt Kate. No wonder Mr. Trevillian surveyed the group with satisfaction; and there was scarcely a shade of regret in his tone, as he said, "This time last year we were at Granerton Park."

Maude turned her sympathising eyes to his face. "Poor papa!" she said, softly.

"No, dear," he answered; "we will not say 'Poor papa' any more. Papa has much to thank God for—a quiet, happy home, where he knows his incomings and outgoings, good health, an active life, dutiful children, and, above all, the great mercy which has brought back your dear mother from the brink of the grave, and, not least, saved his little girl from what might have been her death."

The tears were running down Mrs. Trevillian's cheeks; she was still very weak, and these words from her husband touched her deeply. Maude looked up brightly, "It has been good out of evil, hasn't it, papa?" she said; "who would have thought, three months ago, we should all have been so happy to-night!"

"I shouldn't have suspected it," said John, "especially after those very gloomy epistles which used to arrive punctually twice a week, dated Westthorpe, with which a certain little sister of mine sought to raise my drooping spirits by detailing the grievous shortcomings of the Wilmot family. Oh dear!" he added, laughing, "what a rigmarole

it was. Let's see, Maude; Agnes was selfish, wasn't she? oh yes! I recollect; Agnes was very selfish, and Charley was rude—wanted licking, the young cub!—and Tommy, I forget, wasn't there a Tommy, Maude?"

"Oh no! please don't talk about it, John; I was very silly; and if it hadn't been for Aunt Kate I should be silly still."

"Oh, then you're not silly now?" said her brother, laughing.

"Don't, John! let bygones be bygones," said Mrs. Trevillian, who had recovered her composure. "Maudie and I have both much to thank Aunt Kate for; but for her good nursing, I should not be here now, I believe, and we can never thank her enough for her kindness to Maude."

"Dear Aunt Kate!" said John, warmly; "I never meant to seem ungrateful: she's one in a thousand; it's a pity there are not more like her."

"Here's one who'll be very like her," said Mr. Trevillian, bending, and laying his hand fondly on Maude's silky hair; "because she is every day acquiring more and more of that which is the chief beauty of Aunt Kate's character, UNSELFISHNESS."

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



A. S., Alice, and others. We once knew a young lady whose music-master said of her that she never played wrong notes. Even if one was printed wrong in the music before her, she always *read it as it should be*. May we hope we have some readers of a similar sort? In the paper on Hannibal in our January number, the date of the death of his father Hamilear was misprinted 220 B.C., instead of the proper date, 229 B.C. This the Author corrected for the March Correspondence; but in printing the paragraph the name *Hannibal* was wrongly substituted for *Hamilear*. Let us hope that the grossness of the blunder has prevented its puzzling anybody, or else that it has been *read right* though printed

wrong. The only person concerned who is quite free from blame is the Author.

"N. K." Try "Jessica's First Prayer," "Little Meg's Children," "Alone in London" (Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row), or any of Mrs. Sewell's ballads; but much depends upon the intelligence and amount of education in the listeners. Happily the Tract Society and the S. P. C. K. provide food for all classes of minds.

"Zummie" must send to Messrs. Field, Birmingham, or other scientific instrument maker for a list of prices and *powers* of microscopes. Years bring improvements, and even reductions in price. There is a student's microscope, price 10s. 6d., but Aunt Judy doubts its being sufficiently powerful.